
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1823.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THIS distinguished poet was born at Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. His father was a merchant of that city, and justly celebrated for the purity of his conduct and the rectitude of his principles. His son received the first rudiments of education at the Grammar School of Glasgow, and gave very early indications of that extraordinary talent for poetry, which has since so eminently characterised him. At the age of twelve he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he continued for the space of seven years, and particularly distinguished himself in his translations from the Greek classics, which were performed in a masterly and elegant style of composition. In awarding the premium for one of these, a translation of an entire tragedy of *Æschylus*, the Professor of Greek pronounced an eulogium before the assembled University, declaring the performance of Mr. Campbell to be, in his opinion, the best exercise which had ever been presented by any student in that university.

On leaving college, Mr. Campbell was engaged as tutor to the son of General Napier, in which capacity he remained for two years, and gave the highest satisfaction. He afterwards repaired to Edinburgh, where his society was courted by every lover of true genius in that celebrated garden of literature. It was at this place that he ushered into the world his beautiful poem of "*The Pleasures of Hope*," a work which has justly entitled him to rank among the first poets

of our day. Indeed, no work in the English language ever met with more unqualified approbation: from the cottage of the peasant to the palace of the sovereign, all recognized its beauties, and gloried that Britain should have given birth to so exalted a genius. The reputation of our poet being now established on the firmest basis, he was induced, in the year 1801, to travel on the Continent; and after remaining there two years, he returned to London, his mind enriched with all the treasures which foreign climes can impart to genius such as his. He soon afterwards married an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful young lady, of good family, and settled in the neighbourhood of London, where he continues to enjoy every felicity which the marriage state can afford to those whom an union of sentiment hath united in the bonds of love. Well may the words of Moore be applied to the subject of these pages—"Domestic happiness is of that quiet nature, which the heart alone feels, but which the tongue cannot utter; 'tis like that still music which the ancients supposed is going on above: not the less sweet for making no noise in the ears of the world."

In the year 1809, Mr. Campbell gave another production to the world, viz. "Gertrude of Wyoming, with other Poems." The success which attended this new effort was in no way inferior to the first, and consequently it met with the most brilliant reception.

In December, 1812, he was appointed to the Professorship of Poetry, in the Royal Institution, and we trust there are few of our readers who have not been equally captivated with ourselves, by the peculiar graces of his style, and the rich vein of poetry which breathes throughout all his lectures. He has since published the substance of these in a work entitled "Specimens of the British Poets," in six vols. 8vo. a work which is prized as a library of all that is charming and beautiful in the poetical department of English literature

General Zarembo, a Polish officer in the Prussian service, was one day asked by the king to repeat to him all his names. He complied, and mentioned several very long ones. "Heavens!" exclaimed his Majesty, "the Devil himself has not such." "No, sire," answered the general, "nor is he of my family."

CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."

(Continued from Vol. XVI. page 309.)

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

—————

"But where is my mother?" said Guthlac, looking anxiously round the splendid party before him;—as he did so, he encountered the earnest gaze of Elfrida; the reply of his aunt was lost; he remained for a moment as if transfixed to the spot, the color on his cheek heightening as he continued to regard her with mute admiration. Few indeed could have beheld the daughter of Alburgh without the liveliest sensations of delight. She had just attained her eighteenth year, and was in appearance the exact reverse of her beautiful companion, Pega; dignity was the characteristic of the one, feminine softness that of the other. Her complexion was almost of a dazzling fairness; her eyes were of the purest blue, and her hair was a bright brown; every feature was turned with peculiar elegance, and her form, which was light and sylph-like, was graceful in the extreme. A cheerful smile, indicative both of good-humour and innocence, gave animation to her countenance, and prejudiced the beholder at once in her favor. The dress both of herself and Pega, formed a striking contrast to that of the ladies who surrounded them. Bright in youth and beauty, the inordinate use of paint, so common to the age, was as unnecessary as disagreeable, while their luxuriant locks, flowing in rich curls over their necks, were indebted only to nature for their charms. A veil, thrown carelessly over their heads, and descending over their shoulders upon their loose robe, which was of a pale color, partly concealed their features, but increased rather than diminished their effect. A cross and chain of costly workmanship suspended round the neck of Elfrida, alone distinguished her in

apparel from Pega, who owned no other ornament than a plain ring, the gift of Guthlac.—Recovering in some degree from his surprise, though still unable to withdraw his looks from her. Guthlac now addressed his cousin, who observing the direction of his glance, heaved a sigh so sudden and so deep that he instantly, in an anxious tone, demanded if she were well. “Quite so,” was her reply, provoked, though scarcely knowing why, at having given cause for his enquiry. Guthlac, however, handed her a horn of mead, and having insisted upon her taking some, he hesitatingly offered a second to Elfrida, who in gentle accents declined it, and then gaily finishing the draught himself, he seated himself beside Pega, and resumed his interrogations respecting his mother.

Pega having informed him that she preferred remaining in her own apartment to accompanying her mother into the hall, he instantly professed his intention of withdrawing, that he might join her; expressing at the same time his fear that his absence had already created her surprise.—“I think I may venture to assure you, that it has not,” said Elfrida softly; “she was not in expectation of you when we quitted her, and that has been but recently.” “Have you been in my dear mother’s apartment?” rejoined Guthlac with animation, his speaking eyes beaming with an expression of delighted surprise, that made those on which they were bent, veil themselves under their long lashes and seek the ground; “in what manner shall I express my gratitude?” “It is we who are obliged:” said Pega, “I know not what there is about my aunt different to other people, but never did I see one so interesting, so endearing. I already love her with my whole heart.” “Whatever may be the charm she uses,” rejoined Elfrida, “I too have suffered from its influence. Oh, how gladly would I now exchange this splendid assemblage for the novel delights of her conversation.” “And I too most sincerely,” warmly ejaculated Pega. “Would you, indeed?” cried Guthlac with evident pleasure, and with a quickness that was almost unknown to himself, “then if I cannot prevail upon her to join upon this party, let me prevail upon you to join her.” He was preparing to depart when his attention was arrested by the melodious voice of the gleeman, who now standing nearly opposite to them, sung the following words—

Tell me, fluttering bosom, tell,
Where does love's true passion spring?
Where the charm that forms the spell?
Where the barb that points the sting?

'Tis not in the forehead fair,
Nor in eyes of liquid blue,
Dimpled cheek, or glossy hair,
Balmy lips distilling dew:

'Tis not in the graceful mein,
Nor in silver accents sweet;
Gifts like these the last are seen,
Love's soft triumph they complete.

In the secret, mystic tie,
Silent, sacred, undefined,
Binding, in its first fond sigh,
Heart to heart, and mind to mind,—

May the source of love be found
'Nature's boon' when life was giv'n!
Purest bliss of earthly ground,
Pledge of future bliss in Heav'n.

As the sweet sounds of the harp died away, Guthlac started up, and pressing Pega's hand, he whispered as he departed, "Remember, I shall expect you if I am long absent, so do not doom me to a double disappointment."

The anxiety which Pega had felt a short time before to hear the opinions of Elfrida respecting Guthlac, had unaccountably to herself vanished, and she sat for a moment silent and reserved. Unconscious of the circumstance, and eager to express the admiration which one so singularly gifted had created in her mind, Elfrida launched forth into animated encomiums on his general appearance. The passing chagrin of her amiable companion was immediately dissipated, and with her usual sweetness and earnestness when speaking of Guthlac, she replied to the enquiries that were made by the innocent girl, and related many anecdotes corroborating the most favorable impression that could have been formed of him. Engaged thus in conversation, the effect of their own charms on the gay crowd that surrounded them seemed

equally indifferent to them both; and it was not till they had received a reminding look from their mothers, that they appeared to recollect their attention to others was requisite.

In the meantime Guthlac had repaired to the apartment of his mother. Again, and again she folded him in her embrace, then placing him beside her, and still encircling his neck with her snowy arm, she examined in silence every lineament of his countenance with critical minuteness.—“You are altered, my Guthlac,” said she at length, “and though probably for the better, I know not that a mother’s heart quite rejoices in the change; dear are the features of infancy, the expression of childhood, to the maternal breast; under these remembrances have I treasured your image, and when I recalled you to my mind, I saw you as I parted from or recollected you.—That image so cherished, so infinitely dear, is now that of one who exists no more; and when you left me to-day I could scarcely connect the past and present form of my beloved boy, or believe that my fancy dwelt on the same person; one circumstance, however, reconciles me to the alteration—I now perceive in you a resemblance to your father, which I never before was able to trace; and precious to the bereaved heart, is ever the casual look of him whose face she shall never again behold.” “My mother,” said Guthlac, as he kissed off the tear that trembled on her cheek, “did all love as you love, how enviable would he be who could inspire such a passion?” “My affection,” replied Tetha, with a faint smile. “is not, I trust, a singular one: few minds, I am inclined to believe, are incapable either of receiving or exciting a lively attachment; but I grant, that love will vary in its nature according to the soil in which it springs; in proportion as that is pure and noble, so will this mighty passion become exalted; and where virtue, reason, and sentiment, combine to satisfy the election of the head, that heart will continue to retain the impression till its pulses have ceased in death.” “But surely,” said Guthlac, “few in your situation would have acted as you have done; might not a second love in so youthful a breast as your own, have supplied the loss of a former one?”

“I blame no one for acting or thinking differently on the subject to myself,” replied Tetha; “but the very idea of a

second attachment has ever been revolting to my mind; nor can I help believing that a heart which has loved as mine has done, is incapable of entertaining another attachment.—You, my Guthlac, who are yet a stranger to such emotions, can have no conception of what I felt for your father.—Every feeling of my soul was absorbed in love for him; he was the subject of every private thought, the favorite theme of every public one; his comfort was my employment, his pleasure, my delight; his opinion was my law, his approbation, my reward; he was the centre of every earthly hope, the participator of every heavenly one; he was a second self, another existence, and, possessed of him, the world had not a charm to seduce, nor a terror to affright, me.—Perhaps I loved too much, for short-lived was my bliss; my Penwald sank to his bloody grave, and with him was buried every tender feeling that was not consecrated to his son—there they must continue to sleep till the hour shall arrive when this dust shall lie down with his, or more properly speaking, till this spirit shall mingle with his, never, never again to be reunited.”—She paused, and Guthlac, suppressing the emotions that struggled at his heart, endeavoured to divert the train of thought to which he had given birth, by enquiring if she would not permit him to conduct her to the hall. Tetha had now recovered her usual composure; she expressed herself pleased at his wishing for her society, but declined accepting her offer. “I have been too long abstracted from such scenes,” said she, “to derive any gratification from them. I am no misanthrope, nor would I debar any one, and least of all yourself, from whatever can contribute innocently to your enjoyment; to know that others are happy, is to participate in the only happiness which I can truly enjoy: nor be surprised at this declaration; the uninterrupted communion of our own hearts is not absolute solitude, but where the mind has been so long estranged from mirth as mine, the sounds of joy, so far from awakening pleasurable sensations, recal only painful ones, and sorrow and loneliness are never so keenly felt as in the multitude of the gay. But go, my beloved boy, and partake of every enjoyment that youth and unclouded prospects entitle you to expect; let me see you early to-morrow, and the account of your evening’s delights will make me a sharer of them.”

Before Guthlac could make any reply, the sound of light footsteps struck his ear; he started up, and while Tetha watched his motions with surprise, he drew aside the screen, and immediately led forth his cousin and her fascinating guest." "Ah!" said Tetha smiling, as she welcomed her fair visitants, "I can no longer wonder at my Guthlac's indifference to share the pleasures of the hall, or be surprised at his dutiful attention in seeking my apartment, when thus I find he expected its gloom to be cheered."—Guthlac colored and was about to reply, when Tetha, with a smile approaching almost to archness, while she fondly regarded him as she spoke, added—"I must not be too proud of you, I see; a mother's love would prompt me to believe that you are different to others, but a better acquaintance with you may serve to correct such notions—you are but like your fellow-race; for thus it is that our apparently best actions are only a convenient veil for self-gratification, and thus our fairest deeds dwindle into insignificance when put to the test of scrutiny."—"Nay, nay, my dear mother," replied Guthlac, still looking confused, "you are too severe; I do not say indeed that society like yours even may not receive additional charms from its present addition, but I appeal to my cousin, if to seek you only was not my motive for leaving the hall." "Indeed, he speaks truly," replied Pega; "nor do I ascribe much merit to him," added she mirthfully, "in the transaction, for he has made no sacrifice, an hour passed with you is a sufficient recompence for many hours passed in the frivolous throng we have just quitted." Tetha smiled affectionately at her, and extending her hand to her she drew her to her side on the bench, while Guthlac resigning his situation to Elfrida, threw himself on the ground at his mother's feet; and thus, regardless of what was passing below, they so beguiled the time by conversation, that they were astonished when a messenger from Gunilda, announcing the hour, arrived to summon them to the hall.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT

OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN ST. PETERSBURGH, TO
A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

"DURING last winter, our festivities here were unbounded; every fanciful invention of art and taste were exhausted in successful attempts at displaying the imperial magnificence of Alexander in its utmost splendor. A visit from the Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar was the occasion of all this; and one of the entertainments provided for them, was the most novel and brilliant exhibition I have ever beheld.—It consisted of twenty-one pictures represented by living personages, *costumed*, grouped, and lighted, as nearly as possible to the originals imitated: to make the deception complete, each picture was bounded by a magnificent frame. Beauty is somewhat a rarity here; however, the ladies are portly and commanding when seen at due distance, so that altogether, probably, these *bold masses* of nature were better adapted for the business than her more lovely and nicely finished forms. Single figures from Rembrandt, Vandyke, Titian, &c. succeeded better than the splendid and crowded groupes of the Tent scene of Alexander's Visit to the Wife and Mother of Darius, or that of the Mother of the Gracchii, or other cumbrous representations, certainly splendid, but not so classically beautiful as were the Sybil of Domonichino, the two daughters of Philip Duke of Wharton, Vandyke's Prince Rupert, and various others of similar character; the striking effect of which it is impossible to describe adequately. Here nature, assisted by the artificial aid of admirably-managed light and shade, far transcended art; presenting something as if produced by a divine pencil. Still, these wonders appeared *but* pictures, yet *such* pictures, half visionary, half real, they flashed upon the soul as well as the eye (to those who could feel their effect,) beyond words to express.—Of course, the enormous saloon where this exhibition was displayed was perfectly dark, except when the pictures were enlightened. On one end, more elevated than the rest, was a temporary theatre, where little musical pieces were given at intervals. The entertainments closed by the

curtain of this theatre rising, and displaying a picture of Janier's, a Village Fête, so exquisitely copied that it is impossible to say enough in its praise. At least, nearly a hundred persons formed the various groupes of eaters, drinkers, dancers, &c.—On one side were the Seigneur and his family exactly as they may be seen in the original, now in the Hermitage. The individuals composing this unequalled spectacle were all belonging to the theatre; the whole arranged by Didelot, (who is still alive, active, and well). For more than ten minutes the company had an opportunity of examining and admiring these immoveable villagers; when, in an instant, the orchestra struck up, and the Village Fête commenced by a dance; the eaters and drinkers played their parts, as did the rustic fiddlers on their *cosky* rostrums; the nobler personages of the groupe were also put in motion, the whole becoming a scene of the most animated life.—This continued some time, when, as imperceptibly as morning dawns, each figure retook its original station and attitude, the music suddenly ceased, and the picture became, as at first, silent and beautifully inanimate! a striking and unexpected transition!"

MUSQUETOES.

THE Esquimaux Indians of North America, consider these insects as personifications of the *evil principle*, and always speak of them as the winged ministers of hell, being ignorant that they rank among the bountiful gifts of heaven, and are, in fact, one of those wise provisions of Nature which have been admirably calculated for the wants of the countries where they are found. Linnæus, to whose discerning eye this truth was first disclosed, terms them in his expressive language, *Laponum calamitas felicissima*, since the legions of larva which fill the lakes of Lapland form a delicious repast to innumerable multitudes of aquatic birds, and thereby providentially contribute to the support of the very nations which they so strangely infest.—*Dr. S. D. Clarke's Travels.*

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE,

A TALE.

By the Author of "Marian Melfort," "Confessions of a Benedict," &c.

(Continued from Vol. XVI. page 325.)

CHAP. II.

It may now be proper to give a more particular account of the temper and disposition of the young Viscount, as they had hitherto unfolded themselves; and as he is not designed to be the sole hero of this tale, our readers will probably be the less inclined to cavil, if they find the darker shades predominate over the light ones. Arthur had been reared with the fondest indulgence by his sole remaining, and, perhaps, too-partial parent; from his fifth to his eighteenth year, his will had been a law in his father's house, and though that will had never been exercised in acts of petty tyranny and injustice, he had nevertheless acquired habits of despotism, which, had they met with resistance, might have led him into the greatest enormities; as it was, he, from being idolized by all who depended upon or wished to pay their court to the Viscount, considered universal homage and admiration as justly his due, and in points where opposition or remonstrance would have stimulated him to rebellion, flattery and caresses would effectually bind him to the purpose required, except in instances where personal humiliation or wounded pride interposed, and then he was immoveable, unforgiving, and unconciliating.—It was not long before he found himself quite at home at Fitzgerald-castle. The hospitable gaiety of its worthy owner rendered it frequently the seat of festivity; and though Sir Archibald faithfully kept his promise to his deceased friend, never to put any constraint on the inclinations of his daughter or ward, he could not, in the warmth of his heart, refrain from eyeing them when together with such rapture as plainly indicated to every beholder, as well as to themselves, which way his wishes pointed.

Arthur, indeed, beheld the many excellencies of the young Adela with a sensation almost amounting to veneration, while the dignified elegance of her manner and striking beauty,

though they claimed his admiration, were the less likely to touch his heart, as they left little room for his superiority to be conspicuous. With Jessica, on the contrary, he could be familiar upon all occasions, and though her understanding and talents were so far below mediocrity as to make him regard her, upon some occasions, with a sensation almost bordering upon contempt, there was a fascination in her smile and in the luminous glance of her dark eye, which he at times felt irresistible; the fact was, that those eyes silently, yet unequivocally, expressed admiration, and his vanity was flattered while his judgment condemned.—“Arthur, you will greatly oblige me by looking over these drawings with me,” Adela would sometimes say, “and pointing out to me where I may heighten the tints to most advantage.” This was an appeal to his judgment highly gratifying, and Arthur would be all assiduity and attention until Jessica entering with a battledore and shuttlecock, would throw herself into a chair behind Adela, and by her animated looks and gestures so far attract the notice of Arthur, as to unsettle him from the more sedate pursuit in which he was engaged. He would then yawn, throw down the drawings, and protest that he was too stupid to know what he was about; request of Adela to exercise her own taste, and excuse him, if for a few minutes he gave the reins to his boyish propensities in a more lively occupation; he would then commence a game with Jessica, which usually ended in romping, and such boisterous merriment as would draw aunt Margaret to the apartment, in high displeasure at such a violation of decorum.

Thus passed the first six months of Arthur's residence at the Castle. He had hitherto evinced no decided preference for either lady, nor had he seriously consulted his own feelings in the matter. The arrival of some distinguished guests, however, at the ensuing Christmas festival, occasioned the young Viscount to investigate his sentiments more minutely. The Marquis of Vimnoul, a nobleman of distinguished celebrity in the fashionable world, and not deficient in point of personal attraction, and his sister, the accomplished, but eccentric, Lady Georgianna, were received as welcome visitors; when the Marquis, who had been in habits of intimacy with the family from childhood, now paid such pointed attentions to Miss Fitzgerald, as left no room to doubt his intention of

making honorable proposals.—Piqued at the probability of being superseded so unexpectedly, and urged on by his natural vanity to convince his new opponent that his pretensions were equal, if not superior, in the eyes of the lady, he lost no time in stating his views and wishes to Sir Archibald, who heard his declaration with unfeigned pleasure, and vowed that, “not even a prince should obtain his daughter’s hand, if it interfered with the happiness of his darling boy! the son of his oldest and most esteemed friend.” Satisfied by this promise, Arthur assumed the character of an accepted lover, and though he had not as yet come to any explanation with Adela herself, he felt little fear of her rejection, as she had ever hitherto treated him with the kind familiarity which their relationship sanctioned; and if any more pointed proofs of regard were withheld, he attributed it rather to the dignified reserve of her character than to any preference for another; and had any further conviction been necessary, it would have been amply afforded by the chagrin she evinced whenever he flirted with Lady Georgianna, or made her the subject of enthusiastic encomium, a chagrin so unmingled with any ill temper or appearance of envy, as convinced him that it was on his account alone she suffered it to ruffle the usual serenity of her mind.—A conviction so flattering, encouraged him to make an immediate avowal of his sentiments, to which he received the answer he had anticipated, and the delighted Sir Archibald looked forward to the completion of his long-cherished hope with eager anxiety. Aunt Margaret, laying aside her usual austerity, declared that the arrangement gave her pleasure; and embracing her niece with unusual cordiality, said—“You see now, my dear Adela, the advantage of propriety and decorum; that giddy flirt, Jessica, with all her alluring arts, could not engage the serious attention of a young man of understanding and sensibility, such as Lord Montauban, I am happy to say, is.” “Why, surely aunt,” replied Adela, with earnest enquiry in her looks, “you do not really suspect Jessica of any such wish or intention?” “Indeed, but I do,” hastily rejoined the shrewd spinster; “I have seen through it a long time; and more than once suspected he would be weak enough to be caught in the snare—but why turn so pale, child? it is all right now, and you have nothing to fear.” “I hope you

are mistaken, aunt, however," rejoined Adela, sighing, "for I can assure you, that, if I thought my cousin was seriously attached to Arthur, and that he entertained the least partiality for her, I should be most unwilling to be the cause of her losing so advantageous an establishment."—"Aye, there it is, my dear," cried Margaret significantly, "her ambition would have led her to desire the conquest rather than her love, I warrant; for a dependant, portionless girl, it would have been a most desirable match; as to heart, I do not think she has any: all her feelings centre in self."

"My dear aunt, you are prejudiced; I cannot, indeed, think so ill of Jessica as you would have me; she is very volatile, I own, and not quite so guarded in her deportment as you would make her, if she would listen to your instructions; but she is very affectionate, and, I think, equally disinterested." Mrs. Margaret would not assent to this, and the subject was for that time dropped; but it left an uneasy impression on the mind of Adela, and caused a dejection of spirits which all could perceive, but none account for.—A few days after this conversation took place, Adela wanting to consult her cousin on some trifling subject, entered her room rather hastily, and was surprised to find her in tears. "Why, Jessica!" she exclaimed abruptly, "this is an unusual sight; what can have caused these tears?" Jessica appeared embarrassed for a moment, and then replied—"I have cause enough to weep, persecuted as I am by aunt Margaret; who is always saying something spiteful, and reminding me of my dependent situation; you, it is true, are always kind enough to take my part, and prevent my uncle from listening to her malicious representations; but when you are gone, I shall have no friend left, and I am sure this house will be no home for me." "Then mine shall," cried Adela, forgetting in the warmth of her heart all Mrs. Margaret's insinuations; nor did they recur to her memory until Jessica unguardedly exclaimed—"Do you say so? a thousand thanks, dear Adela; you have made me quite happy; for, indeed, the thoughts of being separated from you and Arthur, made me quite miserable." Adela coldly dropped the hand of her cousin, which she had just pressed with affectionate warmth, and hesitatingly said—"But I hope, Jessica, you will not find things so bad as you expect; at least it will not be prudent

in you to relinquish the protection of Sir Archibald upon slight grounds, for you know he has it in his power to provide amply for you; and I am sure nothing but misconduct on your side will make him alter his intention in that particular." "You do not mean to retract your promise, I hope," returned Jessica, pettishly: "you said, I should find a home in your house, and I naturally concluded, you intended to take me with you when you leave the castle: my uncle could not be displeased at that; but perhaps you have some particular reason for not wishing me to live with you?" and she fixed her keen scrutinizing eyes on the changing countenance of Adela, who, almost ashamed of the weak suspicion which she felt conscious of entertaining, hastily rejoined, "Not at all, Jessica; what reason should I have?—you shall certainly go with me, since you so earnestly desire it; that is, if Arthur has no objection." "Oh, I dare say," said Jessica, with something like a sneer, "he will be too complaisant a husband to object to any thing you propose, even if it were of a more disagreeable nature." Adela had gone too far to retreat; yet she did not feel perfectly satisfied with herself for having given a promise which did not accord with her secret feelings; she, however, decided in her own mind that she did wrong in suffering the prejudices of her aunt to have so much weight with her, and succeeded in arguing herself into a persuasion, that such prejudices were unjust in the extreme.

SEPARATION OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

THE most considerable change which has taken place in the natural face of the earth since the great catastrophe of the flood, is the separation of the American continent from the European and African, by the loss of a large tract of land, and the intervention of the sea; which is an article of ancient history very probable in itself, and confirmed by modern experience. There was an ancient tradition in Egypt, of which Plato gives an account in his *Timæus*, that a vast tract of land was swallowed up by the sea in the Atlantic ocean, between the Straights of Gibraltar and the present coast of America, by means of which land the American continent

did once communicate much more nearly than at present with Europe and Africa; and that the accident by which this tract of land was lost was no other than a violent earthquake, or a succession of earthquakes, occasioned by subterraneous and sub-marine fires, which made such an alteration in that part of the globe, that the Atlantic or Western world was from thenceforth cut off from the Eastern, and remained almost totally unknown, till it was discovered again by the bold experiment of Columbus.

That such a change did actually take place, is rendered extremely probable by the ancient tradition of it compared with modern discoveries; for the discovery of America verified Plate's tradition of an Atlantic continent, and if the tradition was not derived from some former historical knowledge, it will have the appearance of a prophecy; therefore, it is most reasonable to think that there was a time when America was better known and more easily visited.

This is farther confirmed by the intermediate islands of the Atlantic, the Canaries, Azores, &c. which appear like fragments of a shattered land, and bear the marks of volcanoes and earthquakes in all parts of them; the Pico-Teneriffe itself, by the materials of which it is composed, being no other than an huge monument of some violent eruption. The sea in which these islands are found is still subject to subterranean fires rising from its bottom; of which, there have been recent instances near the island of Tercera, described in the Philosophical Transactions.

That the eastern and western worlds were divided very early, must necessarily be supposed from the rude and ignorant state in which the Americans were found, unacquainted with the use of letters and unskilled in the application of iron to works of art and the instruments of war. Upon the whole, it seems incredible that Plato should so exactly describe an *opposite continent*, such as is actually now discovered, together with the way that led to it from the Straights of Gibraltar; and that this report should be grounded on no ancient knowledge of the America world, but prove to be true afterwards by accident. All this would be more incredible than the matter reported; which, if the natural monuments of it, still subsisting, are taken into the account, has all the appearance of truth that can be desired; and there-

fore we may well reckon this separation of America among the natural changes which the earth has undergone since the time of the flood; and as it was brought about by violent earthquakes and volcanoes, the same cause might be productive of many lesser eruptions of which we see the remains in the fossil lava which is thought to occur in the western parts of Europe.—*Jones's Works, Vol. X. p. 340.*

DIVING BELL.

THE first use of the diving-bell in Europe was at Toledo, in Spain, in the year 1588, before the Emperor Charles V. and ten thousand spectators. The experiment was made by two Greeks, who, taking a very large kettle suspended by ropes with the mouth downwards, fixed planks in the middle of the concavity, upon which they placed themselves, and with a lighted candle gradually descended to a considerable depth.

In 1683, Wm. Phipps, the son of a blacksmith in America, formed a project for searching and unloading a rich Spanish ship, sunk on the coasts of Hispaniola. He represented the plan in such a plausible manner, that Charles II. gave him a ship, and furnished him with every thing necessary for such an undertaking, but being unsuccessful he returned in great poverty. He then endeavored to procure another vessel from James II. but failing in this, he got a subscription opened for the purpose, to which the Duke of Albemarle largely contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons burden to try his fortune once more, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labors proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair of success, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum he got about twenty thousand and the Duke about ninety thousand pounds. Phipps was knighted by the King, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

No. IV.
/////

*"Indolis at pulchræ fors semina multa fuerunt
Quæ periere almo quod caruere solo."*

PERHAPS there is hardly any savage people of whose character and manners we possess more correct information than we have concerning the Hottentots. While the Dutch held the Cape of Good-Hope, they do not appear to have made any exertions towards civilizing the aborigines of the country. So far from it, the colonists from Holland, who settled as farmers in the interior, commonly styled Boors, seem to have themselves become little better than savages. Much interesting information has, however, been published since the colony has been in possession of the English, which, in addition to what had been previously communicated by La Caille and Sparmann, will furnish as full accounts of these barbarians as could be desired. Kolben, indeed, who was a Dutchman, published, nearly a century ago, an account of the Hottentots, which, notwithstanding the depreciating observations of La Caille, may be esteemed tolerably accurate, but his example was not followed by his countrymen.

The Hottentots, in general, are a strong and well-built race of men; and where it is otherwise, it is owing to the scantiness of their food, or other accidental causes. Their hands and feet, however, are very small in proportion to the rest of the body; the upper part of the nose is commonly flat, which makes the eyes seem at a greater distance from each other than those of Europeans. Their color is almost black, and their countenances are like those of Europeans labouring under the jaundice, though the Hottentots display no symptom of that disorder in their eyes or elsewhere. Their lips are not so thick as those of their neighbours, the Caffres and Negroes; their mouths are of a middling size, and they have very fine teeth. They appear to be covered with a kind of wool, which, on a close examination, is found to be fine hair, like that of the Negroes. The manner in which they anoint the surface of their bodies with grease, and cover

them with sheep-skins, has often been described. Their habitations are formed of wicker-work, plastered over with mud, and placed together in groups, composing separate villages, or, as they are termed, kraals.

The most barbarous among the Hottentot tribes appear to be those called Boschmen, who, as Sparmann informs us, are a species of wild Hottentots, who dwell in the mountains, and carry on a perpetual warfare with the inhabitants of the plains. They fight with poisoned arrows, the venom of which is of so deadly a nature, that a lion slightly wounded by one of them will die in a few minutes. This poison appears to be of an animal kind, and is said to be procured from the fangs of some species of serpents. The Boschmen live in clefts of the rocks and dens, like wild beasts. They have no acquaintance with agriculture,¹ but eat some roots which grow naturally, and also use as food snakes, spiders, beetles, and ants. The Dutch seem to have treated these people with great cruelty and folly, hunting and destroying them as if they had been beasts of prey. Though they had no religion, yet they are believers in magic and sorcery. They fancy that their conjurors have the power of making rain cease; and when their incantations do not succeed they attribute the disappointment to the counteracting influence of a more skilful magician. Some Hottentots were much surprised to see a lion tear in pieces one of these impostors, whom they had taken out to bewitch him. According to custom, however, they imputed this unlucky accident to the malice of some rival conjuror.

Sparmann describes an odd sort of game practised by these savages, which he calls Quadrille.—Four of them sit down to it over their smoke-holes, the favorite place in their huts; and the play consists in a sort of continual motion of the arms, now over, now under, now crosswise, without touching each other. They continued during the whole time singing some words, of which our author could obtain no other account than that the performers had learnt them with the game from some of their companions. The Hottentots also amuse themselves with dances by moonlight, and have among them a species of wind music.

Of another savage tribe of Hottentots some curious particulars are related in the account of a visit made by Mr.

Mr. Sydenfaden, to the Namaquas, several years ago, published by the Missionary Society.—“When we had unsaddled our beasts, we saw ten Boschmen running towards us, having their bows and arrows in their hands. I asked my men if these were wild or tame Boschman, but I found they were tame, which made me more easy. They saluted me in their usual manner, crying *Twee, twee*. I informed them that I was a teacher who desired to make known to them the God of Heaven and Earth, and I asked if they were willing to be instructed. They answered ‘We will hear. We had been told that you would come to us, but we did not believe it.’ This was delivered through my interpreter, for they understand no language but their own. They shewed me much kindness, directed us where to find water, led my horse and oxen to it, and took care of them; in return for which I gave them some meat. In the afternoon, travelling further on, the Boschmen accompanied us, and shewed us the nearest way to their kraal. The road was very bad on account of the rocks. They call this quarter Karass, that is, Cliff-field. Nevertheless, I was refreshed by seeing such beautiful grass-fields as I had never before seen in South Africa. It was as if I had been in another part of the world; the air was fresh and pleasantly cool, in consequence of the rain and thunder-storms being more frequent than in other parts.”

After visiting the kraal of the Boschmen, and preaching to them, Mr. S. says “The next day before I departed they came altogether to me, and cried again, *Twee, twee*. Then some of them accompanied me to shew me the best path to the Namaqua kraal. In the afternoon on coming near to it, some of the women cried aloud *Heezee! heezee!* which is an exclamation of surprise. I immediately enquired after the chief of the kraal, and being brought before his hut I alighted from my horse, and paid my respects to him in the Dutch language; but he turned and laughed, which is the custom of this people. My interpreter then addressed him, and told him the object of my journey. ‘Very well,’ replied the chief, ‘we shall hear and learn willingly.’ The captain then shewed me a large old thorn tree for a lodging; and in the afternoon brought me the joints of two bamboos filled with milk, and

to each of my people, one. In the evening he presented us with a large ram for our supper; in return for which I gave him a handkerchief, with which he was much pleased. I then called them together and desired them to sit down under the thorn-tree in two rows; but the captain, his officers, and my interpreter next me. I was greatly astonished at their silent attention to what I said. In reply to my observations and expressions of anxiety for their conversion, the chief spoke to the following purpose. 'The word of God is too great for us to be indifferent about it. What this teacher says, is true indeed, that men who know not God, live in sin. It is so among us: for every day there are quarrels, war, and murder, and the life of no man is secure. One steals the beasts of another, and that is not a fit practice for men; it is worse than brutes.'"

Notwithstanding the arguments of the old chief, which seem to shew that these people are not deficient in capacity, the missionary was unsuccessful in his attempts to convert this horde of barbarians. He met with a peculiar obstacle indeed in the enmity of one of their magicians. "In this kraal," says Mr. S. "was a man named Absolon, born at Mozambique, who had formerly been a slave, and to escape punishment for some crime fled from the colony to this country. He was a wicked, crafty fellow, who had artifice enough to persuade these Hottentots that he was a conjuror." He had sense enough to see that his own influence would be vastly lessened or destroyed by the conversion of these dupes. He therefore first endeavored to persuade Mr. S. that his preaching would have no effect on the people; and on the other hand he tried to prejudice them against their teacher, who seems to have made no permanent impression on the minds of the Namaquas.

It is impossible not to feel some degree of respect for individuals, who, like Mr. Sydenfaden, have with great personal risk and danger travelled and settled among savage nations, for the purpose of converting them to Christianity. These missionaries, however, appear to act on a decidedly erroneous plan, in trying in the first instance to make Negroes and Indians Christians, instead of previously civilizing them. They prosecute their schemes in direct opposition to the sen-

sible observations of the late Dr. Gregory. "A nation must arrive at knowledge and civilization by proper gradations. The first application of which the mind seems capable in a rude state is the mechanic arts. The introduction of these among uncivilized people will excite their curiosity and their emulation; and the conveniences procured by means of these arts will always be a sufficient recommendation of them. If therefore, it is the object of any public institution to civilize and instruct a barbarous nation, let it not attempt to make divines and philosophers of the younger savages; let them be made carpenters, smiths, boat-builders, wheelwrights, &c. and let the females be taught to spin and to weave. The introduction of these arts will render the society stationary, and an application to agriculture will succeed." *Essays, Historical and Moral, by Geo. Gregory, D. D. Vol. I.*

Accustomed as Europeans are to look down with contempt not only on the Negroes, but also on the mild and placid Hindoo, or the intrepid or unpolished warrior of the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi, they too often treat them as beings of a different species from themselves. Hence the efforts of civilized nations have for several centuries past been directed to the purpose of keeping their less-enlightened fellow-creatures in a state of subjection; in treating them as hewers of wood and drawers of water, to whose services, in common with those of the brute creation, nature had given them an inherent right. Of this, the existence of the slave-trade is at once an instance and a proof. This abuse of power, however, in our own country, has been abolished; and it is to be hoped that the example thus set by Britons will be followed by the rest of the world, and thus a grand step will be made towards the amelioration of the more barbarous tribes of the human species; and it will be perceived, as in the case of the Hottentots, that, whereas the worst vices of man arise from oppression and consequent misery, all-bountiful nature, or rather the God of nature, has bestowed on all classes of human beings intellectual faculties, which render them susceptible of a high degree of cultivation, and leave without excuse those haughty speculators who, either from pride or interest, seek to degrade their species.

ESSAY.

[THE following Essay is the production of a young gentleman, a native of America, who died a short time ago in this metropolis. Having no leisure to offer our own opinion on any of its sentiments, we now take the liberty of presenting it to the reader without either note or comment, leaving every one to form what ideas of those sentiments his judgment may suggest to him. Yet this much we may state, that the subject to which the Essay proposes to treat, is handled in a manner so original and striking, as will, we are induced to hope, bring, if not conviction, at least entertainment, and clearer views, to all. If to any individual these sentiments may appear in any degree reprehensible, we have no doubt, that to an inclination to pardon the author for his dissimilarity of opinion, it will be only necessary to remind him, that the author has for some weeks been no more. The generosity of a Briton will not, we are well assured, allow him to wage a virulent warfare with the dead.]

As a man may exercise either incivility, good-breeding, or ceremoniousness, in his intercourse with men, so, to talk it with reverence, he may exercise either incivility, good-breeding, or ceremoniousness, in his intercourse with his Creator; and as the practice of the two extremes of manners among men is disagreeable and culpable in the eyes of men, while that of the middle only is pleasing and praiseworthy, so the practice of the two extremes towards the Almighty is disagreeable and culpable in the eyes of the Almighty, while the practice towards him of the middle modification is alone the object of His affections.

On the different sectaries in religion, some, I am of opinion, use in their assemblies for worshipping, by far too few forms and ceremonies, others of them by far too many. Of these the first class act towards their Maker rather, (if I may be allowed the expression) too uncivilly,—the latter rather too ceremoniously.

To illustrate the first proposition, let us form the following hypothesis, viz.—That a subject finds it necessary to prefer a petition, to make a confession, or to offer thanks, to an

earthly monarch, on a day when that monarch holds a splendid levee; that he rushes as boldly into the presence of that monarch, as he would did he find it necessary to make his appearance in a company of the meanest of his fellow men; that he is habited in the coarsest, uncleanliest, and most tattered dress,—that his shoes are unbrushed, his beard uncut, his face unwashed, and his hair uncombed,—that without making a bow, falling on his knee, or condescending to shew any obeisance whatever, he, in a bold, abrupt, impertinent tone and air, should deliver his petition, his confession, or his thanks,—would it be strange if the monarch were displeased, nay, even disgusted, at such a being and his conduct; if he refused the wished-for answer to his petition,—if he declined hearing his confessions to an end,—if he fancied that the man, instead of meaning really to give him true thanks, meant only to insult him with mockery,—and if he even ordered him immediately from his presence, and told him never more to appear in it,—would any human being be surprised at such displeasure, at such disgust at such an order, or at such a *will*? Nay, if the person thus petitioned, confessed before, or thanked, were a being in even one of the meanest ranks, would a conduct on his part, similar to that of the monarch's, be in the smallest degree to be wondered at by even that individual, less than all others of the community, acquainted with the obligation on all men to the practice of an agreeable carriage towards their fellow creatures? I make no hesitation in saying—it certainly would not. If then such conduct would be disagreeable and disgusting in the eyes of even an earthly personage, how much more disagreeable and disgusting in the eyes of the Creator must be the conduct of those men, who without a certain degree of form, respect, and reverence, prefer to Him their petitions, confessions, and thanksgivings, within the precincts of his terrestrial tabernacles?

But men, I have said, may err through ceremony as well as through incivility. By the exercise, however, of this modification of manners, they cannot offend so highly as by that of the latter. Incivility always implies disrespect; ceremony generally originates in too much respect. As, however, too great love for a beautiful woman is apt to induce the lover to exhibit frequently before her, from a wish the

better to please her, a species of adoration which partakes liberally of foolishness; so the man whose mind is much in love with ceremony, generally would force on the attention of the personage before whom he would wish to make his petition, his confession, or his thanks, an exhibition partaking too much of tedious and encumbering puerilities. Let us suppose, in illustration of this proposition, that a subject of an earthly monarch had occasion to offer a petition, to make a confession, or to return thanks, to that monarch; suppose that to intimate this necessity, he thought fit to send to the monarch, at ten or twelve different times, ten or twelve letters each time, the second, third, and fourth, and each succeeding, word for word the same as the first; suppose that besides all these, he sent him ten or a dozen messages by ten or a dozen different messengers, each of which messages intimated no more than had been intimated by the first letter; suppose, that besides these, he followed twenty different modes, by all of which he conveyed to the monarch nothing more than had been conveyed him by the first letter; suppose, that on appearing before the monarch, he spent, before addressing a single word to him, one quarter of an hour in bowing, and another in making other sorts of obeisance, and had then to occupy another quarter in throwing off the dress in which he performed these ceremonies, and another quarter of an hour in putting on another; suppose he occupied as much time in making an introductory harangue to his petition, confession, or thanks, and that after having delivered this harangue, he judged it necessary to change his garb for another, and in making of this exchange, spent as much time as in the delivery of his introductory oration,—would his Majesty not conceive that such a subject was impertinently trifling with his time, that he was insulting rather than respecting his dignity, by supposing him a being of an intellect so weak as to be pleased and elevated with fooleries? Now if an earthly sovereign by being so dealt with, would conceive himself degraded, how much more so must it be considered a degradation by the Omnipotency of Heaven, to observe himself made the object of so very many protestations, kneelings, verbal repetitions, and other tedious forms and ceremonies as are day after day made use of in the worship of some of those sectarians who profess

themselves among the number of the most zealous of his votaries.

Now as incivility and ceremoniousness embrace the two extremes of what is denominated manners, so I conceive that the forms and ceremonies of the Church of Scotland, and of the Presbyterian Dissenters from that Church, and the forms and ceremonies of the Church of Rome, embrace the extremes of the forms and ceremonies made use of in religious worship. The former of these classes of religionists are those using too little ceremony in their modes; the latter are those making use of too much. It follows then, that the Presbyterian form of worship bears the same affinity to what ought to be the proper form, that incivility bears to good manners, and that of the Church of Rome the same affinity to the proper form, that too much ceremony bears to good manners. The Presbyterian form of worship may therefore be termed, the uncivil mode of worship; the Roman Catholic, the too ceremonious.

If it be asked then what form of worship now in use I conceive to be the proper one, I would answer that I, in the mean time, know of no one which appears to me altogether unblamable; but that, if I were called upon to form what I would judge a proper mode, I should mould such a one as should occupy just the middle place between the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic form; a form which should bear just as much affinity to the first as to the last. It is not my intention to give a descant on such a form, or even to make a bare mention of its component, or the order of its component parts; but it may not be amiss to signify, that it would begin, be interlarded, and would terminate with a large portion of music, both vocal and instrumental; for I have long observed the efficacy of these arts over those possessed of a harmonious ear, in eradicating the selfish passions, in strengthening the social, and above all, in inspiring into the heart the very extacy of devotion; and I have likewise for years observed, with regret, the neglect with which they have been treated in the forms of worship of different sectarians; a neglect for which they hold, I am opinion, no authority whatever, when I consider that under the Old Testament dispensation, music constituted such a principal part of religious worship; and when I consider,

that under the New Testament dispensation, that portion of the Old Testament form of worship is no where ordained to be discontinued, and that from praise, both vocal and instrumental, being in the book of the Apocalypse, in a manner which I can by no means look upon as an allegorical manner, mentioned as the principal part of the worship of those, who day and night without ceasing, circle His throne rejoicing, we are furnished with strong authority for inferring that a similarity of worship must be very far from being ungrateful to Him when poured forth to His benign ear from the grosser indwellers of this terrestrial habitation.

As to the animosities regarding their forms and ceremonies, which occur among some of the sectarians, whose forms and ceremonies may be said to differ in one degree, or so, from what I conceive to be the true form, I may mention a few words, and my ideas on this subject may I think be rendered plain to the reader by the introduction of the following simile, by way of illustration:—

Let me suppose that the King of Britain were to hold a levee, and that the dress in which he most wished to see his nobles habited was a coat cut after the fashion of the present day; suppose that some of them, instead of entering the room in this fashion, entered with coats cut after the fashion of the year 1760,—would his Majesty be so highly incensed at the possessors of these last dresses, on account of the mere difference of these dresses from the dress of the present period, that he would order them to be turned from the levee-room, would deny them his conversation, and would never afterwards favor them either by his countenance, or his protection? I make no hesitation in affirming that he certainly would not. Now, is it to be supposed, that the Omnipotent of Heaven will be so excessively rigid as to hurry off from his favor his countenance and his protection, and to consign to perpetual damnation, those who differ from what may be considered as the true form of worship, but yet differ from it only in one degree or so, or no more than a coat cut after the fashion of the year 1760, differs from a coat cut after the fashion of 1822.

What a pity is it then, that there exist such disputations, differences, and animosities, as there do among men whose forms and ceremonies in religious worship lie no farther dis-

tant than one degree or so from the proper form; for I am truly of opinion, that in the eyes of the Creator, (and it certainly ought to be the same in the eyes of the created) the differences between forms and ceremonies such as these appear just as trifling, as in the eyes of the British monarch the difference would appear between a coat cut after the fashion of the year 1760, and another cut after the fashion of the year 1822, the principal difference between which may be said to be nothing more than this—that the coat of 1760 wants lappets in the front, and the coat of the 1822 has them.

G.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

WHEN Sir Isaac Newton was in his study, no one was allowed to disturb him. A friend one day called to see him, and was shewn into an adjoining room, in which upon a table was a stewed chicken for Sir Isaac's dinner, when he should be disposed to take it. The gentleman waited a long time, till at length hungry and impatient, he eat the chicken; but ordered the cook to prepare another. Soon after Sir Isaac entered, and his friend began to address him. "Ah, sir!" exclaimed the philosopher, "excuse me for a moment, till I have taken something, for I am very tired and faint." He uncovered the dish, and finding it empty, turned to his companion, "You see" said he, "what a set we mathematicians are: I forget that I have eaten my dinner."

Soon after the time of Oliver Cromwell, a country clergyman was baptizing an infant; upon asking the name, he was told "Keep the Faith." "Keep the Faith!" exclaimed he, impatient at their Puritanism; "poh, nonsense: John, I baptise thee—" The gossips were thrown into amazement and consternation—it was a girl.

THE COUNTESS OF VALANGIN;

OR,

INGENIOUS GRATITUDE:

An Historical Anecdote.

Translated from a recent work of Madame De Genlis.

NOTHING is so mild as the empire of woman: tenderness mingled with adroitness is almost always wanting in the policy of men, and their humanity has seldom those touching forms which make it beloved; women alone know how to derive the most useful advantages from ingenuity; if unfortunately they dissemble, it is with more art; if they are equitable and generous, it is with more charm. They would rather derive their power from sentiment than from force; and the desire of pleasing may sometimes be with them a sort of supplement to good-nature: there always gentleness in their dependence; and they never think they reign, but when they inspire love. What more can be desired in those who govern?

The county of Valangin, in the canton of Ruz, was prosperous and flourishing during a long succession of years under the laws of Count Chalans, lord of that beautiful country of which he bore the name. His equity and virtues merited public admiration; he was severe, haughty, and consequently unpopular; his vassals esteemed and feared him, but he was not beloved: he died unlamented at a very advanced age. His widow became sole sovereign of the county of Valangin, and in a short time her affability, mildness, and beneficence, gained her the affections of all. Although advanced in years, she tenderly regarded her inferiors in years: her chaplain directed her choice in this respect; and knowing what qualities she preferred, he selected as objects of her benevolence, all those who were dutiful and obedient to their parents, of a pious disposition, and consequently docile, amiable, and discreet.

When the year of widowhood of the Countess was elapsed, her mansion became, on holidays, the rendezvous of all the youth of the neighborhood. Here they were amused with all kinds of innocent games: the Countess distributed prizes,

and the village troops would return to their homes, penetrated with love and gratitude to her who had received them with so much favor and cordiality.

Although seventy years of age, the Countess was still fond of walking; she was very nimble for her period of life, and was tall and well made. One of her greatest pleasures was that of taking long rambles in the environs of her mansion. When she crossed the fields, the peasants would run to see her pass; the little children would surround her, and she would hear each of them expatiate on the lightness of her step and her youthful air. She received these eulogies with a secret pleasure, and smiled at the simplicity of the good people. Nevertheless these praises were not so simple as she imagined. It was well known that she was not insensible to them, and they were repeated in order that she might hear them: a little flattery is generally acceptable, and is at all times excusable when, being founded on some truth, it may be considered only as the overflowing of gratitude.

The Countess often went to the village of Chézard, which was contiguous to her mansion, and the family whom she there liked the most was that of a peasant named *Grand-Pierre*. He had four children; three boys, of nine, sixteen, and seventeen years of age; and a pretty little girl, eight years old, named Juliet; in consequence of her being the god-daughter of the Countess, the latter had a particular attachment to this child, and often went to seek her, in order to accompany her in her rambles in the wood. It happened one day, while indulging in one of these rambles, that the Countess, in endeavoring to step over a ditch, fell, and received a severe hurt in her leg. Juliet wept; but the Countess consoled her, by assuring her that she suffered no pain, and that this accident would not be attended with any serious consequences. She indeed, believed so, and took no care of it, but continued her walks; the consequence was, that the injury she had received increased to such a degree, as to become an alarming wound: being then no longer able to walk, she was obliged to be put to bed. A physician and surgeon were immediately sent for from the neighboring town, who, when they arrived, dressed the wound, and pronounced it to be very serious. At the end of three weeks, they declared, that the cure would be excessively long, and that it was even

probable that she would be unable henceforth to walk without crutches.

In the mean-time Grand-Pierre had several times presented himself at the mansion, in order to offer his services in administering to the invalid a topical remedy, composed of plants from the adjacent mountains. This domestic recipe was a family secret which he derived from his progenitors. The ancestors of nobility bequeath a multitude of old parchments, and often those of the peasantry leave behind them admirable directions which tend either to preserve or restore health. It is very common to find among them that species of rustic philosopher's-stone,—that rural panacea which is found out without alembic or crucible, and of which, the salutary efforts are wonderfully seconded by moderation, labour, and temperance. The worthy Grand-Pierre possessed it, but he was refused admittance at the mansion; and the professional gentlemen, who had vainly exhausted all their skill, were not on that account the less disdainful of that of the peasant. The disorder continued for three months; the surgeon declared it incurable, charged well for his attendance, and together with the physician, quitted the mansion.

Grand-Pierre chose this moment to return again to the mansion. When we have been the dupes of physicians, we willingly consent to risk becoming the dupes also of empirics; there is at least this advantage attending it, that hope is still prolonged. Grand-Pierre for this time was heard; he brought his preparation, applied it himself to the part affected, and for the space of fifteen days he came regularly, night and morning, to dress it. His success was complete; he effected a radical cure, and the Countess was soon in a condition to stand up, and even to walk without any assistance. Her joy was proportionate to the grief which she had before experienced, in thinking that she could no longer take her accustomed exercise. She was desirous of bestowing a handsome reward on the peasant, but Grand-Pierre refused it: "No!" said he, "I should prefer a gift which would not cost you so much money, and which would descend to my latest posterity. The spot of ground which forms all my property, is unproductive; grant me a diminution of the tithe, for it is not just that I should pay as much as those whose lands are more fertile: grant me then, this favor, that I, and my descendants for ever, *shall pay the tithe only at the twenty-second sheaf.*"

"Most willingly;" said the Countess smiling; "*pay the tithe at the twenty-second sheaf!* there is a little contradiction in the terms of your demand, but it is equitable at bottom; and I should have granted it to you before the invaluable service which you have rendered me."—"You gave us so many things in the course of the year," replied Grand-Pierre, "that I should not have dared to solicit such a favor."—"Very well," continued the Countess, "the act which you desire shall be made out in due form, and I will sign it; but I wish also to add to it a gift of gratitude. I owe to you the power of walking, and to you shall be consecrated my first promenade. You shall accompany me in it, we will set out from the boundary of your field, and all the ground which I shall be able to walk over on that day (without over-fatiguing myself,) shall be added to yours, with the same diminution of tithe."

I shall not attempt to describe the transports of Grand-Pierre and his family. They waited until the health of the Countess was perfectly re-established, and her strength completely restored; this was the interest of all. At length the great day was fixed; it was then towards the latter end of spring. Heaven seemed to favor this act of beneficence: the air was mild and serene; the sky being a little overcast, appeared expressly ordained for the pleasure of a long walk.

The Countess set out from the mansion at seven in the morning; she first went to the church to return thanks to the Supreme Benefactor, and afterwards began her projected course. Having arrived at the nottage of Grand-Pierre, she there found a sedan, ornamented with branches and flowers, which borne by the two eldest sons of Grand-Pierre, was to follow her, in order to bring her back to the mansion by the fall of night. Juliet, and Jeannot, the youngest of her brothers, accompanied her on foot, and Grand-Pierre gave her his arm. Thus escorted, she gaily commenced her beneficent walk. Never had she been seen in better spirits; never did she walk with so much pleasure: every step she made was a gift: she appeared to possess all the nimbleness of a girl of fifteen; and the artless joy of the little family raised her's to the highest pitch. Grand-Pierre and his children cast their eyes with delight on the fields which they were about to walk over; they marched, as it were, in a conquered country, and this enterprise was to cause the tears of gratitude alone to flow. At

nine o'clock, they stopped at the entrance of a small wood, where the Countess, to her great surprise, perceived a beautiful bower, into which Grand-Pierre conducted her. Here she found fruits and cream; partook of a hasty breakfast, reposed for an hour and a half, and afterwards continued her walk. From hour to hour they forced her to sit down, although she always repeated, that she was not fatigued. Nevertheless, about four o'clock, they perceived that she began to slacken her pace; she spoke less, and was almost out of breath. Grand-Pierre immediately proposed to her to terminate her course, adding, that he was sufficiently rich, and wished for nothing more. But Juliet, perceiving at the distance of a hundred paces, a meadow enamelled with violets and primroses, earnestly entreated the Countess to make a little effort to go so far. The Countess replied, that her intention was not to stop until the decline of day. At these words, Juliet, transported with joy, ran towards the meadow, in order to take possession of it some minutes sooner, and Jeannot, her little brother, followed her. Having arrived at the meadow, the Countess there received nosegays from the children, which were presented to her with a joy so artless that she felt her strength restored for at least half an hour longer. At the end of that time, she found herself so fatigued, that of her own accord, she seated herself at the foot of an oak. Here Grand-Pierre renewed his entreaties for her to return to the mansion: the Countess resisted but feebly. Grand Pierre commanded his two eldest sons to approach with the sedan, when Jeannot, perceiving at a little distance some apple-trees in blossom, again took to his legs, notwithstanding the cries of his father, who angrily called him back. Jeannot reached the apple-tree; with the lightness of a bird he climbed up the object of his ambition, and having got to the top, he turned himself towards the Countess, extending his arms towards her. "Let us proceed," said the Countess, raising herself up with effort, "*we must* give him these apple-trees!" The generous father vainly opposed this resolution, by exclaiming against the insatiable avarice of Jeannot.

The good lady of Valangin, hobbling along, and, almost out of breath, dragged herself as far as the apple-trees, and the victorious Jeannot, descending from the tree with great eagerness, came and fell down at her feet, whilst Juliet

threw herself into her arms. "Ah! it is I," cried Grand-Pierre, shedding tears, "it is I, who ought to be, for the rest of my life, at the feet of our good lady! my God," continued he, joining his hands, and raising his eyes towards Heaven, "bless her as she deserves, since we shall never be able to thank her enough!"*****—"Ah!" said the Countess, "I am no longer fatigued; come, let us proceed*****. In saying these words she wished to advance, when not only Grand-Pierre, but the children, stopped her. Juliet and Jeannot, in giving her their hands, formed a barrier around her which she could not easily surmount; besides, it was now nearly half-past six o'clock, and the day was beginning to decline. The conquest of the apple-trees, therefore, terminated this fortunate day. They placed the Countess on the sedan and carried her in triumph to her mansion. This promenade procured to Grand Pierre fifteen acres of excellent land, and to the Countess the felicity of a well-spent day and a delightful memorial for the future. She retired to rest shortly after arriving at the mansion, and enjoyed ten hours of the most profound repose. On awaking, she exclaimed "Oh! how salutary is exercise! It seems to me that I am twenty years younger!"***** Nevertheless, on rising, she felt a stiffness all over her; but far from suffering, she experienced with pleasure the slight inconveniences arising from it. This circumstance gave only the more value to the action of the preceding day; like warriors who are delighted to receive some slight wounds, the affecting testimonies of their exploits, the Countess gloried in the stiffness which she experienced. She said: "This is the consequence of my twelve hours' walk!" Let us pardon this little secret vanity;—when self-love has not been the motive of a good action, it is entitled to some share in its reward.*

* The foundation of this tale is true. There is still to be seen in the County of Valangin, valley of Ruz, near the village Chézard, a pretty considerable portion of land which pays the tithe *only at the twenty-second sheaf*, and that since the middle of the sixteenth Century. It was in fact an old lady, named Juliet de Chalans, Countess of Valangin, who granted this privilege in perpetuity to a family of peasants whom she protected. She added to this favor the gift of as many acres of land as she could walk over in a long and single promenade. I have therefore only invented the accident and the cure, which have appeared to me to account for this singular species of benevolence.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

THE HOPES OF MATRIMONY; a Poem. By John Holland, Author of "Sheffield Park," &c. London, 1822. 12mo. pp. 68.

THE New Marriage Act has probably blighted the 'Hopes of Matrimony' in the breasts of some anxious aspirants after conjugal happiness; but in the verses of Mr. Holland they still bloom uninjured. To drop the metaphor, this poem is a pleasing production, in which the author, with some success, attempts to delineate the felicity arising from wedded union; tracing the progress of mutual affection between the two sexes, through various scenes of courtship and married life, till the happy pair, after having long experienced the satisfaction attending a virtuous attachment, are blessed with the prospect of seeing their joys renewed in their grandchildren. From this short notice it will appear that the title of this poem is not strictly correct; since it does properly apply to those portions of the piece which relate to the enjoyments of which the conjugal state is susceptible, but rather implies the anticipation of nuptial felicity.

Leaving this remark to the consideration of the author, we shall present our reader with a short extract, which may be regarded as a favorable specimen of the poem.—

" ——— oh, where, amidst created space,
Does woman's presence shed the sweetest grace?
Not in the north, where Greenland's winter strews
Stern desolation o'er the realm of snows,—
Where dwarfish men with boreal rigours strive,
And bears and ice-bergs seem alone to thrive;—
Not where Khorassan's harem-gardens gem
The sun-nurst regions of the land of Shem,—
Where houri beauties traverse fields of spice,
The Meccan prophet's type of paradise;—
Not in the east, where the sage Bramin roves
Through Hindöstan, or Ceylon's spicy groves,—
Where superstition triumphs o'er the fire,
And woman burns alive on her dead husband's pyre;—

No ———, most divinely nuptial bliss excels
 Where pure religion with refinement dwells,—
 Where Albion's land a glorious spot is seen
 The world's just wonder, and the ocean's queen;
And, bound within the girdle of her smile,
 Scotia's proud hills and Erin's emerald isle.
 Hither, howe'er the unchanging Briton roam,
 Hope flies for country, friendship, wife, and home.
 How fair is home, in fancy's picturing theme,
 In wedded life, in love's romantic dream!
 Thence springs each hope; there every wish returns,
 Pure as the flame that upward, heavenward burns;
 There sits the wife, whose radiant smile is given,
 The daily sun of the domestic heaven.
 And when calm evening sheds a secret power,
 Her looks of love emparadise the hour;
 While children round, a beauteous train, appear,
 Attendant stars revolving in her sphere."

The line in this extract distinguished by *italics* is quite unintelligible, the sense having been sacrificed to the rhyme. This fault is the more inexcusable as it arises from carelessness. Should Mr. Holland continue to cultivate an acquaintance with the Muses, we hope he will not forget that perspicuity and correctness are among the most indispensable beauties of poetical composition.

FORGET ME NOT. A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1823. 18mo. pp. 392. Ackerman, London.

THIS work is prettily got up in imitation of numerous productions of the same kind, annually published on the Continent; the embellishments consist of an engraving by Agar, of a *Madonna*, from a painting in the Dresden gallery; and emblematic representations of the *Twelve Months* from the designs of Burney. The latter are illustrated by copies of verses written by the author of the "Tours of Dr. Syntax," &c. These short poems are followed by a series of interesting tales, and an essay by Kotzebue. The remainder of the volume is occupied by Tables of Genealogy of Sovereigns, and such harmless trifles as generally fill up pocket-books.

The tales, perhaps, constitute the most attractive portion of this little work. All of them, with one exception, relate

to continental scenery and manners; a circumstance which will render them peculiarly interesting to the English reader.

"The Pastry-Cook of Madrigal," is founded on the supposed mysterious fate of Don Sebastian, king of Portugal*. It is said to be extracted from a Spanish manuscript, in the library of Mr. Von Vispach, in Neuburg, in Bavaria. We subjoin the substance of this narrative, as a specimen of the entertainment which this volume affords—

"It was towards the end of the month of December, 1594, that a stranger, named Gabriel Espinosa, came with two servants to Valladolid. With the exception of his benefactions to the poor, his expences were very small. His dress was simple, but extremely neat. Soon after his arrival, one of his servants robbed him of 150 ducats, and absconded. He hired another in his stead, but neither of these attendants was allowed to accompany him out of the house, as he was particularly careful to avoid every kind of ostentation. When he went abroad, he sent them before, directing one of them to wait for him at a particular spot; whence he dispatched him to overtake the other, who was to wait in like manner, while his companion repaired to a third place appointed by the master. The writer ascribes this precaution of Espinosa, on the one hand, to his wish not to have any witnesses of his actions, and on the other, to have a messenger always in readiness to procure him information relative to any thing that might interest him."

Espinosa excites suspicions disadvantageous to his character by his extraordinary liberality to a beggar-woman, and other accidental circumstances. The woman "asserted that she had seen a valuable diamond ring on his finger, which, in the possession of a man dressed in so ordinary a manner, ex-

* This prince was induced by the persuasion of the Jesuits to lead an army of 30,000 men into Africa, to restore the dethroned Emperor of Morocco, Muley Mahomet. In the battle of Alcasa, fought August 4th, 1578, Sebastian was defeated and lost his life. Though his body was found, and in 1582 conveyed to Portugal, yet a great number of the Portuguese persisted in believing that he had escaped from the carnage. Several imposters assumed his name at different times, among whom probably may be ranked the hero of this tale.

cited her suspicion that he had stolen it, induced the corregidor of Valladolid to give orders for his apprehension. This, however, was not a very easy matter, as Espinosa was accustomed to change his lodging several times a week. He was taken in bed. His night-clothes were of the very finest Holland. In his possession were found the following jewels:—a richly decorated ivory bowl of curious workmanship; a ring with a stone, on which was engraved a portrait of King Philip II. when a child—this ring the king had, in his early life, presented to a rich nun in the convent of St. Mary at Madrigal—this nun the writer calls Donna Anna de Austria, but without stating who this Austrian princess really was. Thirdly, there were some very valuable images of saints, richly set with precious stones; a large stone of inestimable value, set in gold; a small gold watch, such as it was then common to wear at the bosom, set with brilliants; a prayer-book in gold binding, and various other articles not specified.

“The prisoner, on his first examination, said that his name was Gabriel Espinosa, that he was a pastry-cook of Madrigal, where he had been settled for half a year, and where the above-mentioned valuables had been put into his hands by the Princess Anna, for the purpose of being sold, and that it was this business which brought him to Valladolid. On being threatened with the torture, unless he confessed the truth, he smiled, and proudly replied, that his majesty, the king of Spain, knew him too well, and would take good care not to expose him to such pain and ignominy. He thereupon complained bitterly of the treatment he had to endure, but the judge replied, that it was suited to the condition of which he alleged himself to be, and that he must of course place it to the account of his own statement.

“At this time there resided in the environs of Valladolid a foreign lady with two young children, who, as it was afterwards ascertained, frequently dispatched trusty messengers to Espinosa, and often received messages from him. No sooner was she informed of his apprehension, than she instantly quitted that part of the country with the children; and in spite of the strictest search, fortunately for herself and the innocent infants, they remained undiscovered.

“While a courier was gone from the judge to the nun at Madrigal, one of Espinosa's servants, who were yet free, had

found means to send intelligence to his residence there, and to effect the removal of a small writing-desk, of which no traces could ever afterwards be discovered. Unluckily, however, one letter was lost out of it, and this fell into the hands of the criminal judge. It was written by Miguel de los Santos, confessor of the nuns, and a native of Portugal, a man greatly beloved and respected in the vicinity of Madrigal, and who had the reputation of the strictest integrity. In this letter the ecclesiastic styled prisoner, "your majesty," and communicated to him some important family intelligence, from which it appeared, that the above-mentioned lady was his wife, and that the two children were his. It was now no difficult matter to discover with whom they had to do: for the ecclesiastic in his first examination declared that the prisoner was no other than Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, who had been missing ever since the battle of Alcasa, in Africa, on the 3d of August, 1578, which was so disastrous to the Portuguese. He gives twelve reasons in confirmation of the truth of his statement, two of which are particularly worthy of notice. 'I knew the king personally,' says Miguel de los Santos, 'while heir-apparent; his features are the very same. But a little circumstance of which I reminded him, namely, that when he was about eight years old, playing one day with his brother, the present Cardinal Henry, in the garden of the palace at Lisbon, they lost a relic set in gold, which was picked up by me while walking in company with another young ecclesiastic, and restored it to the princes; the circumstance that he knew the fountain near which we met the two princes, that he could accurately describe the relic which I found, and recollected the very words spoken in our presence by the preceptor who attended him, together with the lively answer of his brother—all this convinced me that he is the person whom I assert him to be. Nay, more—this prince, whose kingdom is irrecoverably lost, when he sought an asylum of me, brought two letters, one of them written by his brother, the cardinal, and the other by an ecclesiastic of high rank in Portugal, which, as I am acquainted with their hands, thoroughly convince me that the bearer cannot be an imposter.'

"These letters were delivered to the corregidor, who transmitted them to the court, together with a report of the whole affair. Soon afterwards a commissioner arrived from the capital, and commenced his criminal investigation with causing

the confessor of the princess to be put to the torture. 'I cannot,' said he, 'speak contrary to my firm conviction; my conscience, and my profession, alike forbid me.' Fresh tortures were applied in the third degree.—'O, God! who knowest all things!' he at length ejaculated, 'forgive me if I violate the truth! It is possible that the prisoner may be an impostor, and not the king that I gave him out to be.' Neither threats, the harshest treatment, hunger, nor confinement in the worst dungeon of the prison, could extort from him one word beyond this admission.

"It was now Espinosa's turn to be examined by the monster. He was received with an opprobrious epithet. 'I am no impostor;' said he, 'my name is Gabriel Espinosa; I was found on the steps of St. Sebastian's church at Lisbon, and of course do not know my parents. I served a long time in the cavalry of the king of Portugal, and the languages which I speak I learned by associating with soldiers of different nations. I can read, but not write. I am a pastry-cook of Madrigal.' When put to the trial, it was found that he understood very little of that business. He had, however, purchased a licence to follow it; and Donna Anna, the nun, confirmed the truth of the statement, that she had placed the jewels in his hands to be sold for her.

"To the question, whether he knew the king Don Sebastian, and whether he was present at the battle of Alcasarquivir, he replied, 'How could I help knowing him? I fought on that disastrous day among his guards.' When asked if he had not given himself out for the lost monarch, he replied in the negative; and he was thereupon consigned to the rack. Till this moment he had manifested in his examination a manly firmness: he now became furious. With the energy of despair, he defended himself against all who approached him, till at length, overpowered by superior force, he was extended on the rack. He endured all the degrees with fortitude, and seemed so accustomed to command, that he could not forget to do so even amidst the most excruciating pains under the hands of his tormentors. All attempts to extort from him a different confession were in vain. The affair was referred to Madrid, where he received sentence to be drawn to the place of execution, hanged, and quartered; which was executed on Wednesday, the 2d of August, 1595, in the market-place of Madrigal.

"When he was upon the ladder at the gallows, he attempted to speak, on which the Franciscan friar who attended him held the crucifix close to his lips; and the executioner, coming behind him, pushed him off the ladder, sprung upon his shoulders, and in a few minutes he was no more."

Kotzebue's Essay "on making and conciliating Enemies," contains some shrewd and sarcastic observations in the peculiar style of that popular writer.

As we have already exceeded our limits, we shall only add, that we consider this as a neat and pleasing publication, and certainly well adapted for a present.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE; or, SKETCHES of CHARACTER and MANNERS. From the second American Edition, revised and corrected by the Author. London, 1822. 12mo. pp. 297.

OLD England has long furnished the novel-reading public of the United States with a supply of amusement. It is but lately that America has returned the favour in kind. Few publications, indeed, of any description, have appeared on the other side of the Atlantic, which could excite sufficient interest in the breasts of Europeans to admit of their being reprinted with advantage. What may be termed ethic fiction, or the delineation of the manners, character, and customs of a country or people, through the medium of feigned narrative, as it is a species of composition generally interesting in the region where it is produced, so it is one which is adapted to attract attention among foreigners. Hence we find that the most popular novels of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, have long since been made known to our countrymen, through the medium of translations and imitations. *Gil Blas*, *Werter*, or *Don Quixote*, are almost as frequently to be found on a book-stall in London, or in a cottage library in the country, as *Tom Jones*, or *The Vicar of Wakefield*. America may now boast of writers of what we have denominated ethic fiction, whose works have possessed merit sufficient to gain them a passport through the British press. "*The Sketch Book*," and other works of Mr. Washington Irvine; "*The Spy*," and "*Carwin, or the Biloquist*," and other tales, by Mr. Brockden Brown, have deservedly met with a favorable reception.

The volume before us is from the pen of a lady, Miss Sedgewick, of New York; and we hail its appearance with pleasure, as a proof that mental cultivation is not neglected by the fair sex in the western world.—It would not be an easy task to give our readers an outline of this tale within any moderate limits; but it may be generally stated that it contains the history of an orphan female, Jane Elton; who being left to the protection of a fanatical aunt, yet conducts herself so as to become a model of piety and virtue. She bears with patience the misfortunes in which she is involved; and after rejecting heroically one lover, whose moral conduct renders him exceptionable, she marries another admirer, Mr. Lloyd, a sober quaker widower.

The fair authoress has occasionally imitated some of our most celebrated novelists; and as might have been expected, not very successfully. The most valuable, as well as the most amusing, parts of her work are those which describe the manners of her native land. As a specimen of this tale we select two scenes of this description.—The first relates to the funeral of the heroine's mother.

“On the day of Mrs. Elton's interment, a concourse of people assembled to listen to the funeral sermon, and to follow to the grave one who had been the object of the envy of some, and of the respect and love of many. Three sisters of Mr. Elton were assembled with their families; Mrs. Elton had come from a distant part of the country, and had no relatives in ———.

“Jane's relations wore the decent gravity that became the occasion, but they were of a hard race, and neither the wreck their brother had made, nor the deep grief of the solitary little creature, awakened their pity. They even seemed to shun manifesting towards her the kindness of common sympathy, lest it should be construed into an intention of taking charge of the orphan.

“Jane, lost in the depth of her sufferings, seemed insensible to all external things. Her countenance was of a death-like paleness, and her features immoveable. In the course of the sermon, agreeably to the usage established in such cases, the clergyman made a personal address to her, as the nearest relative and chief mourner. She was utterly unable to rise, as she should have done in compliance with the custom; and one of her aunts, shocked at the omission of what she considered

as an essential decorum, took her by the arm and almost lifted her from her seat. She stood like a statue, her senses seeming to take no cognizance of any thing: not a tear escaped; not a sigh burst from her breaking heart. The sorrow of childhood is usually noisy; and this mute and motionless grief, in a creature so young, and one that had been so happy, touched every heart.

“When the services were over, the clergyman supported the trembling frame of the poor child to the place of interment. The coffin was slowly let down into the place appointed for all. Every one who has followed a dear friend to the grave remembers with shuddering the hollow sound of the first clods which are thrown on the coffin. As they fell heavily poor Jane shrieked, ‘Oh! mother!’ and springing forward bent over the grave, which, to her, seemed to contain all the world. The sexton, used as he was to pursue his trade amidst the wailings of mourners, saw something peculiar in the misery of the lone child. He dropped the spade, and hastily brushed away the tears that blinded him with the sleeve of his coat. ‘Why does not some one,’ he said, ‘take away the child? this is no place for such a heart-broken thing.’ There was a general bustle in the crowd, and two young ladies, more considerate, or perhaps more tender-hearted than the rest, kindly passed their arms round her and led her home.”

By way of contrast with this melancholy scene, we will quote an account of an American wedding. The bride, who is a cousin of Miss Elton, elopes with a French dancing-master.——“Lavoisier had procured a chaise from a neighbouring farmer, which was principally devoted to the transportation of its worthy proprietor and the partner of his joys to and from the meeting-house on Sundays and lecture days, but was occasionally hired out to *oblige* such persons as might stand in need of such an accommodation, and could afford to pay what was *consistent* for it.

“‘Allons—marche donc!’ said the dancing philosopher to his horse, after seating Elvira; and turning to her, he pressed one of her hands to his lips, saying, *Pardonnez-moi.*’—adding, as he dropt it, ‘*tout nous sowrit dans la nature.*’

“Elvira pointed out the road leading to the dwelling of a justice of the peace, a few miles beyond the line which divides the State of Massachusetts from that of New York. They

arrived at this temple of Hymen, and of petty litigation, about eleven in the morning. The justice was at work on his farm: a messenger was soon dispatched for him, with whom he returned in about thirty minutes, which seemed as many hours to our anxious lovers. 'Dey say,' said Lavoisier, 'l'amour fait passer le temps, but in l'Amerique it is very differente.'

"The justice took Lavoisier aside, and inquired whether there were any objections to the marriage on the part of the lady's relations. 'Objections!' said Lavoisier, 'it is the most grande felicite to every body, you cannot conceive.'

"On being further interrogated, Lavoisier confessed that they came from Massachusetts; and being asked why they were not married at the place of the lady's residence, he said that 'some personnes without sensibilitie may wait; but for Made-moiselle and me, it is impossible.'

"Elvira being examined apart, in like manner, declared that her intended husband's impatience, and her own dislike to the formality of a publishment, had led them to avoid the usual mode and forms of marriage.

"The justice, who derived the chief profits of his office from clandestine matches, and who had made these inquiries more because it was a common custom than from any scruples of conscience, or sense of official duty, was perfectly satisfied; and after requiring from the bridegroom the usual promise to love and cherish, and from the bride to love, cherish, and obey, he pronounced them man and wife, and recorded the marriage in a book containing a record of similar official acts, and of divers suits and the proceedings therein."

If we had room, we might proceed to extract an account of the preparations for a *tarring and feathering* scene, and other traits of American character and manners; but for these we must refer our readers to the book itself; which will, if they are not too fastidious, afford them amusement as well as instruction.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR DECEMBER, 1822.

THE King after his journey to London, for the purpose of attending to affairs of state, returned to Brighton, where, on Sunday the 8th instant, his Majesty's suite and household attended divine service in the Palace-chapel. The officiating ministers were the Dean of Hereford and Dr. Hugh Pearson. We are happy to learn, that the King appeared to enjoy a perfect state of health.

News have been received of the safe arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge at Hanover.

Parliament is prorogued, by a proclamation in the Gazette of the 14th ult. to the 4th of February, when a meeting will take place for the dispatch of public business.

In spite of the uncertainty that prevails as to the general policy of the Continental powers, and the part which this country may take in their disputes, very little fluctuation has occurred in the English Funds. While the government securities of other nations have suffered a depreciation of 10, 15, and 20 per cent, English Stock at the lowest has never fallen more than three per cent. This circumstance evinces a confidence in the prudence of the Ministers, and a belief that they will be able to prevent the recurrence of war on the Continent; or, if that should not be practicable, at least preserve the neutrality of Britain.

It is stated, that his Grace the Duke of Wellington will stay at Paris to prosecute the negotiations pending between Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, relative to the affairs of Spain. The conferences between his Grace and the French ministers proceed in a friendly manner, and afford strong hopes of preserving the tranquillity of Europe.

The Duke's health is not yet re-established, though it is much improved since he left London.

Prince Hardenberg, the Prussian Minister of State, died very lately at Genoa. His death may not improbably occasion great changes in the Prussian Cabinet, of which he was the chief, with a very extensive power: but for two years past, he had made no use of his influence, his great age preventing him from applying to business.

The Brazilians have at length declared themselves independent of the government of Portugal. The anniversary of the birth of the Prince Royal was fixed on for this most solemn act—the 12th of October (when the august Perpetual Defender of Brazil attained the age of 24,) saw his elevation to the supreme title and sublime dignity of Constitutional Emperor of Brazil; and on that day he publicly declared his acceptance of the Constitution. Great rejoicings took place on this important occasion at Rio de Janeiro. In the evening the whole city was illuminated, and their majesties went to the theatre, where verses were repeated, hymns sung, and pieces represented, all adapted to the occasion. The rejoicings and illuminations were repeated on the following day.

It appears that the Tread-mill is established in Scotland. An Edinburgh paper informs us, that the first judicial sentence, condemning criminals to the Tread-mill in that country, was pronounced on Monday, the 2nd ult. in the High Court of Justiciary.

It is with pleasure we learn that the magistrates of London are exerting themselves with spirit in putting the laws in force, against the keepers and frequenters of gambling houses.

A good deal of interest has been excited by a transaction which very lately took place, in the Parish of Mary-le-bone. A surgeon having attended a woman during her accouchement, agreed with her that, if the child should prove still-born, he should have the body instead of his usual fee. The child was dead, and the mother died also. These circumstances becoming known to the neighbours, the coroner was applied to, and a legal investigation took place; which proved at last a culpable imprudence in the medical attendant.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE frequenters of this place of public amusement have been highly gratified during the present month in witnessing the joint efforts of Mr. Kean and Mr. Young to support the dignity of the tragic muse. Laying aside petty jealousies, they have appeared together as Othello and Iago, and as Jaffier and Pierre.—Of Kean's Othello, it is needless to say more, than that he seemed to feel all the excitement that could arise from the presence of a rival worthy of his talents; and that he, perhaps, never appeared to more advantage. Young's Iago is less familiar to the public; though it may be recollected that a few seasons back he performed the same part at Covent-garden, when Macready played Othello. The character of Iago is not adapted exactly to Young's talents. But this circumstance adds a new wreath to his fame. For we have seldom witnessed a more successful representation of the cool deliberate villainy and deep dissimulation which characterize the betrayer of the noble Moor. The art with which he works on the impetuous feelings of Othello, gradually undermining his confidence in the truth and virtue of Desdemona, was portrayed with the utmost skill and ability.—Mrs. West, in the gentle Desdemona, supported the reputation she has already acquired. These tragedies have been repeatedly performed to crowded houses.

An afterpiece has been exhibited at this theatre, entitled "Old and Young," which is a translation of a French farce, called *Le Vieux Garçon*. This little drama was brought out for the express purpose of displaying to advantage the surprising talents of the juvenile actress, Miss Clara Fisher; and the piece is fully adapted to its purpose, which is the utmost praise it deserves. It was reported to be the production of Mr. G. Colman, who has rather indignantly contradicted the statement in the public paper. Last week a new opera came out entitled, "A Tale of other Times, or Which is the Bride?" written by Mr. Dimond. If this operatic farce should survive till next month, we will furnish our readers with an account of it. The tragedy of "The Robbers," from the German of Schiller, we are told, is about to appear at Drury-Lane.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE principal attraction at this house has been the new actress, Miss F. H. Kelly, who, during the last month, appeared here for the first time in the character of Juliet. The tender, yet ardent, Juliet has often been personated by youthful *débutantes*, at their introduction to the public. There are several obvious causes which account for the preference thus given to Shakespeare's gentle victim of domestic feud, though the character is not so well adapted as some to display the merits and defects of a new performer. Miss Kelly, however, though new to the frequenters of the London theatres, is not new to the stage. She has exhibited her talents at Dublin, and has consequently acquired an acquaintance with the business of the drama. Her person, though not tall, is graceful, and her features are pleasing; her voice is distinct, but somewhat harsh; her action is easy and becoming. In the earlier scenes of the tragedy, the natural embarrassment of manner, from the novelty of her situation, gave a delicacy to the voice and manner of the actress, which by no means lessened the effect of her performance. As the interest of the scene increased, her powers and skill were called into action, and she well merited the plaudits of an admiring audience. She has since appeared with increasing reputation in the same and other characters.—Mr. C. Kemble performed the part of Romeo, in which he is certainly unrivalled.

Among the novelties of the present month are an opera and a tragedy, acted at this theatre.—The former, called "*Maid Marian, or, The Huntress of Arlingford*," is chiefly taken from Mr. Peacock's novel, with that title, founded on the romantic history of the outlaw, Robin Hood. The tragedy alluded to is called "*The Huguenot*," and was written by Mr. Shiel, author of *Evadne*; which was acted only three nights; but *Maid Marian* continues to be performed to full houses.

THE MINOR THEATRES are rivalling each other in the exhibition of models of the "*Tread-Mill*." The Surrey, it is said, in the opinion of the gods, (some of whom may be supposed to be judges,) is the most successful in this struggle for fame.



Fashionable Walking & Full Dresses for Jan. 1821

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. Jan. 7 1821, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JANUARY, 1823.

WALKING-DRESS.

A PELISSE of French chocolate-colored *gros de Naples*, wadded. The body is of moderate length, cut tight to the shape, and ornamented with a braided front, in the form of diamonds, with a handsome bullion tassel at each point. The long sleeve is shaped to the arm with a very full epaulette, composed of *gros de Naples*, and placed in the form of loops; the cuff to correspond, confined with a broad wristband. The bottom of the pelisse is trimmed with two rows of Chinchilla fur, and is cut very full so as to fold over to the right side. Over this dress is worn a Cachemire shawl. Black velvet cottage bonnet, ornamented with a plume of cock's-tail feathers, on the right side, confined in the middle with a rosette of satin, and a handsome steel ornament in the centre.—Limerick gloves, and black leather walking shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

DRESS of plain net, over a white satin slip. The body is cut very low to the bust, and finished with two rows of *tulle* and satin, forming at the same time a tucker, which sets off the form of the neck and shoulders to great advantage. The sleeve is composed of four rows of deep blond, very full; at the bottom of the skirt are four rows of satin interspersed with *tulle*, and finished with a flounce of handsome blond lace. The hair is in light and playful curls, a little parted in the front; the back hair is brought rather low to the side, in full curls, and fastened with a gold comb. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of topaz. Long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes. Reticule of rose-pink satin.

These elegant dresses were furnished by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

WINTER having now made its appearance in all its severity, as far as regards intense cold, velvet is in great request, both for carriage and promenade dresses. One of the most novel pelisses that we have seen is composed of puce-colored velvet, and lined with sarsnet of the same color; the waist is of the usual length, and the body tight to the shape; the skirt is very full and much gored; the trimming is of fancy velvet and cord, it goes all round the pelisse, and forms the collar, which is unusually high. The long sleeve is finished to correspond, but the trimming is much narrower. The epaulette is very full, and is composed of three folds. The pelisse closes in front, but fastens on the inside. The above is one of the most elegant walking dresses that we have met with, and is extremely well adapted to the season.

Angola shawls are now greatly in favor; they are generally of a very large size, and are not worn over pelisses, but with silk, poplin, or Merino gowns. It is only the beautiful silky kind of Angola shawl that is in so much estimation. Chinchilla and sable muffs are now very general.

Bonnets of brown beaver, with uncurled feathers, very long and full, are greatly in vogue; a wrought silk band, to correspond in color, goes round the bottom of the crown, fastened with a beautifully polished steel buckle. Black velvet bonnets are, however, more generally in favor than any other kind for plain walking dresses.

Levantine, poplin, and Merino, have entirely supplanted muslin in morning dresses. The last mentioned article is now brought to great perfection in this country, and may vie with the boasted Merino of France. We have seen a beautiful morning dress composed of this material; it is of a dark chestnut color, made half-high, and fastened behind; the body is ornamented in front with a kind of trimming composed of curled *pluche de soie*; the back is plain and finished round the neck with *pluche*; the sleeve is long and fits tight to the arm; full epaulette, confined by bands of *pluche*. The trimming at the bottom of the skirt is similar to the epaulette; it is rather broad, and the dress is altogether of a very novel and striking description.

Caps are greatly in favor, both in morning and half-dresses.

In the former are turbans composed of English lace; they are made with small ears and full narrow borders, and are generally ornamented with riband. Demi-turbans are more in favor in half-dress; they are worn in lace, blond, and gauze; but lace appears the favorite. These caps are always ornamented with small bouquets or half-wreaths of flowers: roses, jessamines, mignonette, and various other flowers, are much worn. The cap is fastened under the chin by a full bow of riband, to correspond in color with the flowers.

The most prevailing colors are rose, pink, purple, scarlet, crimson, and dark brown.

In addition to the above, we have been furnished with the following description of several new, tasteful, and elegant dresses, by our much valued correspondent, Mrs. Blundell, of Ludgate-street:—

WALKING DRESS.

THE most fashionable walking dress is a French cloak with arm holes, composed of black levantine, wadded and lined throughout with pink or amber, worn over an olive-green lute-string dress: the long sleeves rather tight to the arm. The bottom of the dress is in the form of a *bell trimming* in lute-string. The bonnet is of black levantine, lined with the same material, and black feathers to droop.

MORNING DRESS.

MORNING dresses are now made of puce silk, being more suitable for the season than muslin; the bottom of the dress is ornamented with leaves, corded with the same; the body fastened behind; the front full, and waist long: the wrists finished with small bands.

EVENING DRESS.

THE most elegant and fashionable evening dress is a white figured gauze, with a fulness of gauze at bottom; confined with small bunches of French roses, worn over a pale pink lute-string slip; the body trimmed with blond and pink satin, the sleeves full and intermixed with roses, and a long pink lute-string sash.

HEAD-DRESS.

THE head-dress is composed of white feathers, fastened with a pearl ornament.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE promenade dresses for this month are of three descriptions:—Merino gown, worn with Cachemire shawls; *redingotes*, either of silk or Merino, also worn with Cachemire shawls, or fur tippets; and silk dresses, which are indiscriminately worn over Merino or levantine robes.

The most fashionable colors for Merino dresses are lavender, *ponceau*, London-smoke, fawn-color, and Egyptian brown. The waists continue of the same length; collars are very high, and the sleeves tight. Merino gowns are trimmed in different ways, some have five or six narrow flounces, edged with riband or velvet, of a different color from the gown; the top flounce is usually headed with a rich cord or plaited silk band; others again have velvet bands of different breadths, from three to five in number.

Pelisses are in general of silk and velvet; the former are lined and wadded: they are trimmed either with velvet or fur, but most generally with the latter. A few ladies of the first fashion have revived a pelisse which was much admired last winter; it is composed of rich silk, lined and trimmed with ermine. Black velvet pelisses are, as usual at this season of the year, much in favor; they are mostly lined with cherry-colored silk. With these pelisses are worn muffs of sable, Chinchilla, or ermine; with long tippets to correspond.

Black velvet bonnets continue to be generally worn; the most fashionable lining is of cherry-colored and rose-pink satin; white is partially worn. Many bonnets are trimmed with the material of which they are made, disposed in knots; there are generally three in front of the crown. Others are trimmed with ostrich or marabout feathers. Black bonnets may be worn with any dress, as may also rose-colored hats; but if the *chapeau* be not of either of these hues, it must correspond with the dress.

The hair is worn in thick full curls, so as nearly to conceal the forehead; the hind hair begins to be worn rather higher, and is arranged in full bows interspersed with bands. The favorite colors are *ponceau*, purple, *fumée de Londres*, or London-smoke, cherry, and rose-color.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

CATILINE,

A Tragedy.

BY THE REV. G. CROLEY.

ASPASIA.

It was of one—

Your brows look gentler now—who lov'd—a king!

HAMILCAR.

Then comes the worn out moral—she was scorn'd!

ASPASIA.

Too much he lov'd her! 'Tis an ancient tale,
One of the ditties that our girls of Greece
Hear from their careful mothers, round the lamps
On winter nights; and by the vintage heaps,
When grapes are crushing. I have seen the spot,
Still ashy-pale with lightning, where she died.—
She was a Grecian maiden, and by some,
Was thought a daughter of the sky; for earth
Had never shap'd a beauty! and her thoughts
Were, like her beauty, sky-born. She would stray,
And gaze, when morn was budding on the hills,
As if she saw the stooping pomp of gods—
Then tell her lyre the vision; nor had eve
A sound, or rosy color of the clouds,
Or infant star, but in her solemn songs
It liv'd again—oh, happy—till she lov'd!

HAMILCAR.

By Cupid, no—not happy until then!

Say on—

ASPASIA.

But may not love be misery?

HAMILCAR.

So would the shower, but that the sun will come—

ASPASIA.

And must we have no sun without the shower?

HAMILCAR.

The spring is sweeter for the winter's wind—

ASPASIA.

But does the winter never blight the spring?
 Why I could give you fact and argument,
 Brought from all the earth, all life—all history;
 O'erwhelm you with sad tales, convictions strong,
 Till you could hate it;—tell of gentle lives,
 Light as the lark's upon the morning cloud,
 Struck down at once, by the keen shaft of love;—
 Of hearts, that flow'd like founts of happiness,
 Dried into dust by the wild flame of love;—
 Of maiden beauty, wasting all away,
 Like a departing vision into air,
 Finding no occupation for her eyes,
 But to bedew her couch with midnight tears,
 Till death upon its bosom pillow'd her;—
 Of noble natures sour'd; rich minds obscur'd;
 High hope turn'd blank; nay, of the kingly crown
 Mouldering amid the embers of the theme;—
 And all by Love.—We paint him as a child,
 When he should sit a giant on his clouds,
 The great disturbing spirit of the world!

HAMILCAR.

Thou cunning Greek, the ruby on thy lips
 Is deeper with the tale.—'Tis the true red
 He tips his arrow with.—Yes; turn away!
 There is a death to wisdom in those eyes.

ASPASIA (*bending before him*).

Speak to me thus, and I will be Love's slave;
 I'll build him altars,—he shall have all flowers
 Of vale, or hill, or fountain,—and all fruits
 That melt in Autumn's baskets; nay, the gold
 Of Hesperus' garden were too slight a gift
 To honor him.—We'll never part again—
 I have forgot of what I talk'd just now—

HAMILCAR.

Of Semele, fair Greek.

ASPASIA.

The tale is done.

She met a stately hunter on the hills,
Loved him, and wedded him : and passion's flame,
That had bewitch'd her loneliness, now burn'd
Richer in Hymen's lamp. But, one night came,
And with it came no husband—and she wept;
Another, and she knelt to the cold moon;
Praying, in pain, the mother's deity,
That she might show him but his babe, and die.
The thunder peal'd at midnight, and he came—
And then she fell upon his neck, and kiss'd,
And ask'd him, why he left her desolate.
His brow grew cloudy—but at last she wrung
The lofty secret.

HAMILCAR.

Woman's ancient acts!

The tale sounds true.

ASPASIA.

Of his inconstancy?

HAMILCAR.

No; of her sex's teasing. Girl, say on—
Your voice has music in it. She conquer'd him?

ASPASIA.

He was a god; and to his throne in the stars
He must at times ascend. She dared not doubt:
But love will have wild thoughts; and so she pined,
And her rich cheek grew pale.

HAMILCAR.

With jealousy?

ASPASIA.

To prove his truth, at length, she bade him come
In his full glory.

HAMILCAR.

And the lover came?

ASPASIA.

He long denied her, offer'd her all wealth,
Of mine or mountain; kiss'd away her tears,
All to subdue her thought.

HAMILCAR.

And all in vain!

Was she not woman?

ASPASIA.

Pity her! 'twas love
That wrought this evil to his worshipper!
The deadly oath was sworn—Then nature shook,
As in strange trouble—solemn cries were heard,
Echoing from hill to hill,—the forests bowed:
Ruddy with lightnings, in the height of heaven
The moon grew sanguine, and the waning stars
Fell loosely through the sky. Before her rose,
On golden clouds, a throne; and at its foot,
An eagle grasp'd the thunderbolt. The face
Of the bright sitter on the throne was bent
Over his sceptre,—but she knew her lord!
And call'd upon him but to give *one* look,
Before she perish'd in the Olympian blaze.
He raised his eye, and in its flash—she died!

EPIGRAM.

As a party were trifling, or forfeits were playing,
And things *piquantes* and witty abundantly saying,
It chanc'd, that Sir Thomas was destin'd to kiss,
The cold wither'd lips of a parchment old miss;
Not liking the bargain, he wisely determin'd,
(Tho' the spinster'd old lady, might even be "*ermin'd*,")
Just to *buss* by *mistake*, the ripe lips of one,
Who in beauty's soft charms resplendently shone:
A dame who was bent upon making some fun,
At the expence of Sir Thomas, in the shape of a pun,
Said, "*A blunder-buss* this, but unfair, I presume."
With loudest applause now re-echoed the room;
Quoth Sir Thomas—"A blunderbuss 'tis, but fair, on my soul,
For it had not *gone off* half so well, were it *soul*."

TO MISS MARY.

WHEN first I gaz'd in thoughtless mood
Upon thy bright cerulean eye,
I thought not whilst that orb I view'd,
Its glance might future woes supply.

And when I met that heav'nly smile,
From features so divinely coy,
Why might I think 'twould prove a wile,
To lead me from the paths of joy?

On those blue orbs so mildly bright,
Had I but known the griefs that hung,
I might have shunn'd the dang'rous light,
But thou wert fair, and I was young.

If e'er I proffer sighs to heav'n,
I might thy sweet communion share;
To me thine image might be given—
O! be it no unholy pray'r!

Though not disposed to give relief,
In dreams my fancy thinks thee so;
And who, when truth confirms a grief,
The sweet delusion would forego?

To love, and know that love is vain,
If 'tis a fault in youth's gay prime;
Yet as thou wilt not love again,
Thy charms might sanctify the crime.

For could I gaze without admiring,
Upon that face of thine? O never!—
I vow, whilst life I am respiring,
If 'tis a sin, to sin for ever.

Yes! I will love thee while my heart
Shall know the force of beauty's smile;
And gentle meekness shall impart
A lustre to its charm the while.

That virtue which so bright, so pure,
Beams mildly from thy placid brow,
Shall make the hapless conquest sure,
Its sacred charm shall seal the vow.—

When calm reflection rules thy breast,
If e'er that silent hour be thine,
Bestow one thought amongst the rest,
On him who pens this votive line.

Remember that, for thy dear sake,
He pines in comfortless despair,
And, ere his sinking heart may break,
One sigh from that soft bosom spare.

Then fare thee well, though heav'n, unkind,
Our souls may part, our fates may sever,
Thine image, on my constant mind,
Shall live till death, shall live for ever.

West-street, Poole, Dorset.

S. T.

CHARITY.

SOME years ago a gentle maid,
Soft, sensible, and fair,
And scarcely, as it seem'd, of age,
Once travell'd with me in the stage
Through Edmonton to Ware.

At Tottenham, where we chanc'd to stop,
Beside the inn we found,
Eating some milk with all his might,
Much speed, and manifest delight,
A beggar on the ground.

His cleanly face, contented air,
And dress of many a rag,
So won upon my damsel kind,
She took with all her heart and mind,
A penny from her bag.

Forth from the window did she throw
Said money to the man;
Her aim was true beyond a doubt,
She knock'd his bason's bottom out,
And off the supper ran.

Yes, her intended kindness sent
 Destruction to the delf!
 The milk—his flowing lap had half,
 His shoes the rest—we could but laugh,
 The man so laugh'd himself.

'Tis right to give, and well it were,
 If all would give that could :
 But this fair nymph was clearly taught,
 That they who give with little thought,
 May do but little good.

ODE TO CHRISTMAS.

OLD Christmas, hail! thy reverend form
 Comes drench'd and dripping with the storm;
 Thy milk-white locks are tempest rent;
 Thy milk-white beard is ice bespent;
 Wind, sleet, and snow, thy steps assail,
 Yet will I say to thee—Old Christmas, hail!

Thee, Christmas, hail! a welcome guest,
 Thou com'st to every social breast;
 Good cheer shall thaw thy frozen veins,
 Blythe sports expel thy shivering pains,
 And pleasure strew thy torrent way
 With flowers, as bloomful as the lap of May.

L.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE BY G. H. IN OUR NUMBER FOR NOVEMBER.

WHEN dress usurps the wav'ring mind,
 The *Mode* is veering as the wind;
 Against its law, who dare display,
 A fashion foreign to the day.

Though low the theme, and seldom sung,
 Let not the fair despise the tongue
 Which names the *Sty* as shelter mean,
 For the poor beast that's deem'd unclean.

And fashion ne'er display'd a dress
 So pure, so full of loveliness,
 So fraught with charms for ev'ry eye
 As virtue's garb—fair *Modesty*.

CLARA.

Marriages.

At Hackney, by the Rev. Dr. Bell, the Rev. W. Johnson to Miss Tabrum of Clapton. The Hon. Spencer Stanhope, to Miss Coke. Major H. Dickson, 64th regiment, to Caroline Emma, second daughter of T. Sloughton, Esq. At Avely, W. J. St. Aubyn, of Clowance, Cornwall, to Ann Dorothy B. Lennard. At St. George's, Hanover-square, C. B. Curtis, Esq. to Henrietta, second daughter of the late Rev. J. B. Pearson, of Croxall. John Cornwall, Esq. to Charlotte Susan, daughter of Sir I. C. Shaw, Bart. At Craigmore, Randalston, Mr. Thomas Strahan to Miss Ker. At Lyndhurst, Daniel Gurney, Esq. of Norfolk, to the Lady Harriet Hay: At Swinhop, the Rev. Wm. Cooper, B. D. to Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Arlington, of Swinhop-house. At Salisbury, Mr. James Parsons to Miss Anna Williams. Mr. E. Wilson to Miss Maria James, of Southampton row. John Lambert, Esq. of Broad-street-buildings, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr. Boyd, Esq. of Bermondsey. By special licence, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Earl of Belfast to Lady Harriet Butler.

Deaths.

Upper Grosvenor-street, Sir George Duckett. Mr. Samuel Blacklow. Edgeware Road, Mrs. Mary Cumming. Kennington, Mrs. Alsager. Elizabeth, wife of R. Foot, Esq. General Wilford, of the 7th dragoon guards. John Ord, Esq. of Hatton Garden. Suddenly, at Brighton, Lady Theodore Vyner. Aged 81, Mrs. Drake, Lambeth. On his passage to Lisbon, Baron Fayel, late Secretary to the Netherland Embassy. In consequence of her clothes taking fire, Mrs. Halford, Broad-street-buildings.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received:—The communication of Miss A. M. Porter—N.—Amicus—G. H.—Geraldine—Elizabeth, Mary, and Grace—••—J. M. M.—Prudentia—The Dispute—A Sketch—Stanzas, by Wm.—The Inconstant—Charade by O.—The Lovers' Apology, by Q.—Lines on a Winter Rose—Song—To my child, by L.—Enigma.

We must again repeat, that we must see the whole of Oscar's Letters, &c. before we can promise to insert any part of his communication.

We hope to have the pleasure of presenting our readers with the portrait, and memoir of Miss Lacy, next month.

"A Pastoral" contains many pleasing lines, but we think, from the reason which the Author himself has pointed out, it would be better to decline its insertion.

B—, is more merry than wise—personal attacks are always injudicious, and, with us, inadmissible.

SUBJECT FOR THE PRIZE ESSAY.

Which is preferable, Beauty with little understanding, or great talents with personal deformity?

The answer, either in prose or verse, to be delivered on or before the 1st of March.—The best essay to be entitled to an elegant work, of the value of Two Guineas.



Painted by Miss Rose Emma Drummond.

Engraved by W. Woodcut.

Miss Lacy.

At the Publisher's, by Dean & Son, Threadneedle Street.